

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

# reZ

November/December 2021

Zari  
Blue  
Guyote  
Rakshowes  
Rust  
Mesmeriser

Image by Nambroth



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read rez Magazine online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

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- **A Puppet's Tail (Part Two)** In Part Two of her ongoing short story, Annie Mesmeriser takes us inside the magic castle.
- **More Than Words** One of our favorite poets, Zymony Guyot, tries his hand at song lyrics, and he doesn't lose one beautiful beat.
- **Noman** Art Blue journeys through big data algorithms and the demise of currency in an epic journey into the future.
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- **How Cruel?** Would an issue of rez be complete without a poem by RoseDrop Rust? In a word, no.

**About the Cover:** As tradition would have it, we're combining our November and December issues into a single "holiday" issue. And behold the resplendent turkey, hoping the pandemic will depress the market for turkeys this year.



“Until I met my wife I  
felt incomplete.  
Now I’m finished!”

Norm Macdonald



COME TO THE SHEWORTHY PUB!!!!

WHERE THE MUSICIANS COME TO PARTY!!!!

THE  
SHEWORTHY  
PUB



WHERE FRIENDS AND MUSIC COME  
TOGETHER FOR FUN AND AN ESCAPE FROM  
YOUR FIRST AND SECOND LIVES.

SECONDLIFE/TROPICAL/143/94/21

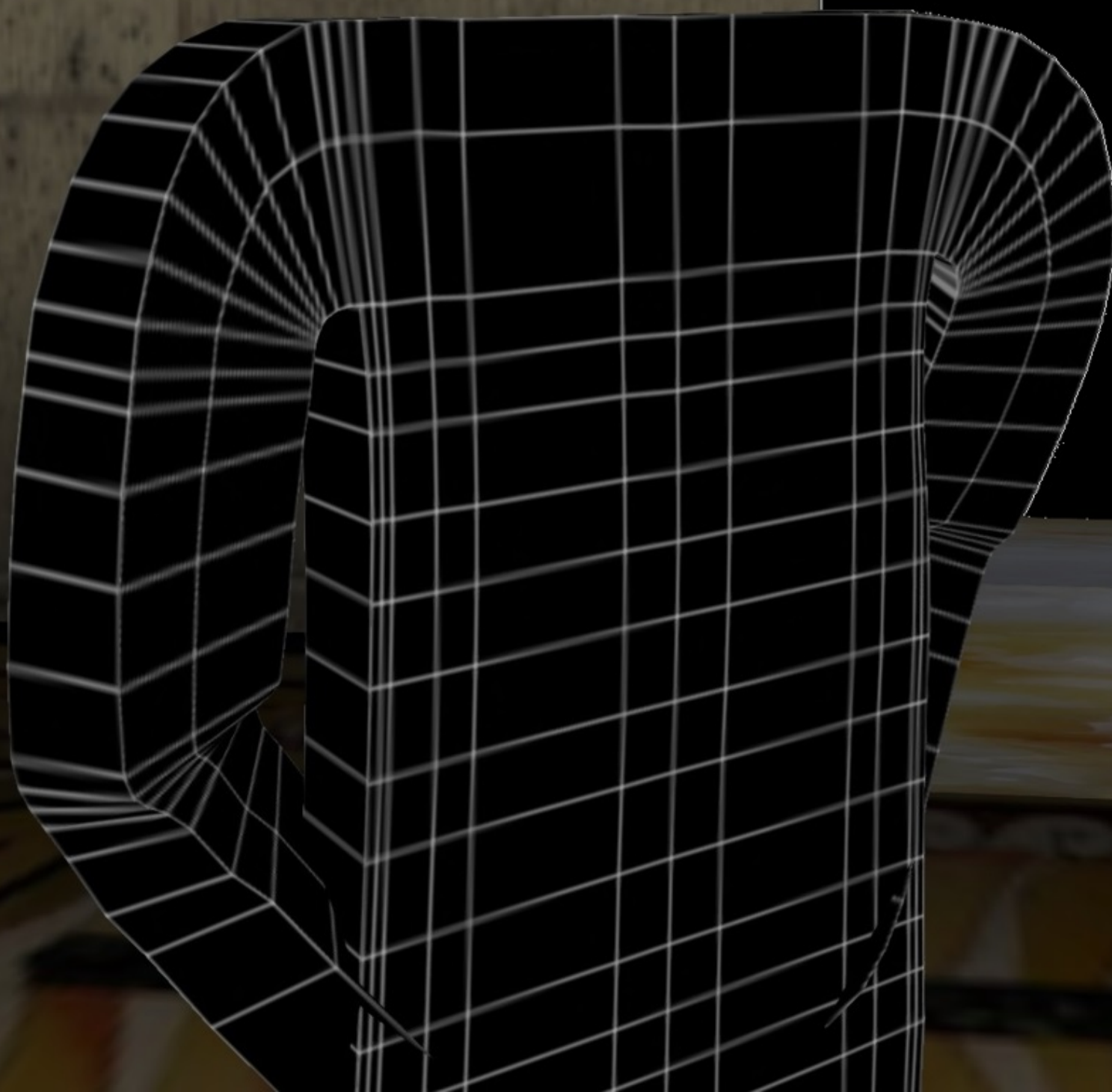


RECOMENDED BY  
ART BLUE



KLARA AND THE SUN  
BY KAZUO ISHIGURO

" I WILL CREATE FOR  
YOU AN ARTIFICIAL  
FRIEND AND THIS  
WILL BE YOU. I WILL  
BE THE SUN AND I  
WILL NUTURE YOU. "





A person wearing a red shirt is hanging upside down from a glass railing in a modern building. The person's head is near the railing, and their body extends downwards. The background shows a grid of glass and metal structural elements. The scene is dimly lit, with light coming from the right side, creating a silhouette effect on the person.

# DERENDER ME (PART TWO)





by Art Blue



*Part 1 of Derender Me put you in a time where the dealing with The True Me has moved to a new level. Identification and tracking will be the function of digital money. There will be no longer printed money. The moves toward blockchaining you are tiny, but already noticeable. Today I wanted to buy a train ticket at the Central Station and was asked, "Can you pay by card?" Be strong, be a sting in the system, say, "I have cash." Don't say, "Sadly no." Then you are assigned to the counter where the poor, the desperate, the underdogs are waiting. Take it, suffer for Art. Get a printed ticket, don't take the PDF or the "on screen option." In some years you can say, "I have forgotten where I was. I think I was ... not there, I was with Art." The data protection acts enforces some deletion over time, but a blockchain has a different nature. You boost in virtual, you play a role, you play many roles but all this flexibility and enrichments you go for are null and void if you are put on a blockchain. Free will is an illusion to overcome. Right now we have not reached this level. We are still the happy ones, the ones that knock on the screen, the ones who believe in reality. Let me show you the Alternate Now. Fasten seat belts and turn your viewer on. Enter ... and Derender Me.*



## Bella Stella

Imagine the sound of Bella Stella being played in loop when you stand in front of the Blue screen.

[https://youtu.be/LDCBQMjo\\_Gw](https://youtu.be/LDCBQMjo_Gw) (4 mins) Imagine you understand the language of this world:

*Bella Stella m'innamoro della notte  
Con la sua magia... dentro di me  
Sto pensando a te  
Ti dimentico, Vertigo... non lo so  
Non ritornerò più da te*

You say that's Italian. Don't break the magic. Say instead that this is the language of the world where you want to live and die.

You can't? You are US American and you need more reality? A reality you can feel. I have it for you.

<https://youtu.be/b-IXtlNa1e4> (4 mins)

I welcome you after you have thrown the dice. You take the dice in hand, your heartbeat rises. What number will it be? Depending on the play, the outcome gets a different meaning. It can be about life and death, it can be about the colour of your armband to match you to a group. The Dice can offer a binary choice, "Let's go right or left?" In Bella Stella, the Dice is a distortion because the values are pre-coded for you. The dice is part of a blockchain algorithm you shall not

know; it's a complex thing of math. It has controlled randomness; it's called a safe cypher. You will get the story, the ultimate story, the story of your life. You will live in the now. That you die in this world means you will log out after the story has found its closing, after you render me. You will leave the now and go into the after now. Is this the alternate now that your mother told you about? "Live in the now. Don't spend all your time in this world." And she pointed to the screen, shaking her head, saying, "All I see is Blue."

You said, "It takes a moment then I am in the next bluescreen. Bella Stella will bring me in." Your mother did not understand you. How should she understand the language that is created just in the moment when you rez?

## The Coin Factor

Let us jump a bit forward in time and let's focus for a moment on money. Life costs money, right? We are now in a world that has become fully digital. Digital money is all that exists. No paper money any longer. Gold, Silver, Copper, which I mentioned as the currency in zCS, the zero Combat System in Second Life, are transferred into uniper coins. In other words: Gold, Silver, Copper is a display name and it's easy to deal this way with sheer unlimited currencies. Of how many



currencies am I speaking? Right, if I would tell, you would not believe. In 2021, deadcoin.com, now managed by 99bitcoins, reported 1,676 dead coins.

“Dead coin is a term given to a cryptocurrency that has ceased to exist. A coin can become “dead” due to a variety of reasons such as its development being halted, having no one that uses or trades it, being exposed as a scam and more.”

<https://99bitcoins.com/deadcoins/> You remember, I said it, uniper coin takes its name from Universal Performance. Now, we turn the timer a bit more forward. You pay for your gas and water, your hamburger, your parking tickets, your endless needs, with UNIP-coins. You wonder about UNIP-coins in short UPs? Have I not spoken until now of uniper-coins? Is it a typo? It’s not. Uniper-coins carry old technology, the verification of a transaction runs via proof-of-work, also known as the bitcoin model, but that will be then outdated. It takes just too much time and consumes too much power. Saturday for Future put it down. They calculated that each transaction burns two upgrowing trees, two baby trees. “No more babies burning!” This slogan was roaring in the servers. As a consequence, uniper-coins have been taken down by activists, by green hackers. I said, let us jump a bit forward. Can such an implosion in the future happen, a break

down, a leading currency gone? A second Lehman-Brothers? Easy to take when you are a historian. Mt. Gox filed in 2014 for bankruptcy. I know that is way long ago, but read what is in the files of history.

“Mt. Gox was a bitcoin exchange



Table legend ▾

Search

Name	Ticker
0Xbitcoincash	0XBCH
1coin	ONE
1Credit	1CR
2Chcoin	2CH

based in Shibuya, Tokyo, Japan. Launched in July 2010, by 2013 and into 2014 it was handling over 70% of all bitcoin transactions worldwide, as the largest bitcoin intermediary and the world's leading bitcoin exchange. ... Mt. Gox announced that approximately 850,000 bitcoins belonging to



customers and the company were missing and likely stolen, an amount valued at more than \$450 million at the time.” [Wikipedia]

UNIP-coins instead are true power coins, they run on delegated proof-of-stake and have low energy

futures, bulls, and bears. Check the bears.

You did not find any hits for UNIP-coins? Instead, you found a coin mined in 1970 in Switzerland, called UNIP, a very rare piece of Rappen, a collector’s item? 100 Rappen made at this time one Franken, like 100 cents make one dollar. The international name for Rappen is centimes. Switzerland is the future of mining, not China, not Canada. It’s allowed to mine digital currency, to use and to trade and it’s not regulated in Switzerland.

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rappen>

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Death Indicators

- Inactive Development
- Inactive Twitter
- Low Volume
- Not indexed
- Not Listed on exchanges
- Website Down

- Inactive Development
- Inactive Twitter
- Low Volume
- Not indexed
- Not Listed on exchanges
- Website Down

- Inactive Development
- Inactive Twitter
- Low Volume
- Not indexed
- Not Listed on exchanges
- Website Down

- Inactive Development
- Inactive Twitter
- Low Volume
- Not indexed

consumption. Everything happens so fast that nearly everyone is messing things up when it comes to digital money. Ever heard of ICO - Initial Coin Offerings? Hopefully not, most are a money burner. But to google always makes sense to verify links that point to the future. There are traders of

Centimes sounds like it comes from the old Roman Empire. A centurion is the commander of a troop of about 80 soldiers. Let’s say 100, as you know to impress the enemy is part of the deal. Merriam-Webster says centimes comes from the Latin word centum, same root as centurion. Maybe you remember what I said about Latin when it comes to gender balanced speech? Yeah, a lot more screens to come and to break when you have to deal with anger after investing in the wrong chain. You need a centurion on your side. You need Art. You need Michael Fassbender in his most famous role, David 8. He is the modern version of a centurion, he is a machine intelligence on board of the Prometheus in human form. But he is also the centurion in Centurion, he is Steve Jobs, he is a character I can put



you in. <https://youtu.be/WQ0juqfGb2k>  
(5 mins)

This brings me back. A character. Select one and I bring you in. We are in a digital world, right? We are far in the future and for a moment, we leave the question of money behind. Now you brought your mother in, right? You have been sitting in front of a screen. The world opens. You are in. Your mother is in.

**In**

Now the ultimate invention happens. You never have to log out. You are called by the screen and you stay in this world until you die. This is called falsely digital immortality. It needs a strong belief that it goes beyond, that it is true immortality. Immortality is indistinguishable from knowledge if you believe in the screen. Knowledge and Belief match one deity. The good thing of my construct is that immortality happens even if you don't believe. Just get your shot and your bits will be lined up. If you would ask the owl, any owl does it, then the owl would say that this world is a blockchain where all your doings are stored in a linklist. The owl will say that there is no magic in a blockchain - it's all just code. There is a public key and there is a private key. There is no room for a change. My invention makes this fact obsolete. I added the

dice. You say, "But the next bluescreen is unpredictable. Live goes on." Your mother will laugh and shake her head about all such thoughts, "I have free will in this world, which you don't have. It's just a screen." That she is not willing to understand makes you feel



sad. You say to her, "Join me and you will see."

Now both of you are standing in front of the screen and you both throw the dice. You are In. You know the dice are fake, as I said it, but the other you does not know. Bella Stella plays for



you. For your mother, a different sound is played. You see tears in her eyes. You ask, “What happened to you?” Your mother says, “Nothing. I hear the song I have long forgotten. It was when I met your father.”



Now you understand the story your father left for you. You found him reborn in this world and there he told you that he met a young woman when he was a warrior and he tried to decipher her mystic ways of speech. You look at your mother and she is dressed like a princess in ancient times.

A carriage approaches on a beam of golden light. Two horses are carrying it and a man with shiny armour tightens the reins so the horses stop. “I bring you to Mount Olympos,” he says.

Your mother beams as she steps to the man. The world of Troy is loaded. Your mother told you that she loved the story. Ilium and Olympos, the two epic poems by Homer became the foundation of ancient Greek literature. Homer is regarded as one of the greatest and most influential writers of all time. Your mother will meet Hockenberry, the resurrected twentieth-century Homeric scholar, who every admirer of Dan Simmons knows. You have other plans. You press the medallion and you are there. In the spaceship Bella Stella. You start the screen. The screen that controls the bluescreen. “What’s up?” you ask the owl. It is not Neruval. The name of the owl is Vertigo. “Maximum volume,” you say. You need to clean your brain. There is a new mission ahead. You copy behavioural patterns you find in files of history. You go for David 8. Michael Fassbender is in the files. You say, “Make me him.” Then your mother pats your shoulders, “Time for dinner.” You log out. You are in the alternate now.

## **Wrong Blue**

It is all Blue. You are in the Wrong.

Wrong Blue? Does it exist? It does. The logout was a fake. That your mother patted your shoulders and called you for dinner was a programmed illusion. This way to die is the way of the future. It is a transition. Don't Worry, Be Happy. It is you becoming David 8. That's why I need to put all the stuff in you. The nanobots, remember? OMC, remember? The first proposition is that you will forget after logging out what happened during the first login. Now you look like him, but you are not like him - - you are David 8. You will make the journey on board the Prometheus. In *The Gods of Informatics*, there is a guy who wears a winter coat in the summer and wears a Sennheiser supra-aural earphone all day long, listening to classical music with the volume up so loud that he is given a separate room. He was a super coder and the saying was, "Never touch a super coder. He is in a state a normal coder does not reach." He coded 100 times faster than the average programmer and never ever was a coding error found. Can you believe? No, but you can listen to the sort of music he was listening to.

<https://youtu.be/WEDsf-x2nxE> (4 mins)

I would like to be such a coder, but I am just a freak, as all the others around. But I can make you into David 8. In fact, the nanobots and the dice are

doing it. That happens all on server level. Elastic pea brain, fully automated. I heard the name comes from the first automated cloud computing cluster, Amazon's Elastic beanstalk. Blue Origin also comes from this, a fully automated space



flight for users. After my flight into the zero-code screen, my brain is empty. I need a clear mind for my mission log. A last distortion that brings you on track. You know that this is all about Art. <https://youtu.be/jZMPjX3ExbE> (1 min)



*My mind is unsettled.  
My body is not mine,  
not mine this spectacle ...  
no no,  
not mine this fragile vine.*

I begin to dig in chat logs, IMs,



distances, animations used, looking targets, coin usage, partner and un-partner status, shopping preferences, and all such big data stuff. Everything is stored on a blockchain. This world is not different than the alternate now. It's alternate, you know. Nothing can be lost as long as I don't enter the

chain to Giotto, in other words as long as all code is in UPs. UPs stand not only for Blockchain money, they stand for all the timestamps. Some would explain it as the ledger of the Internet of Things. Soon you see why it also stands for the code of life.

## Derender Life

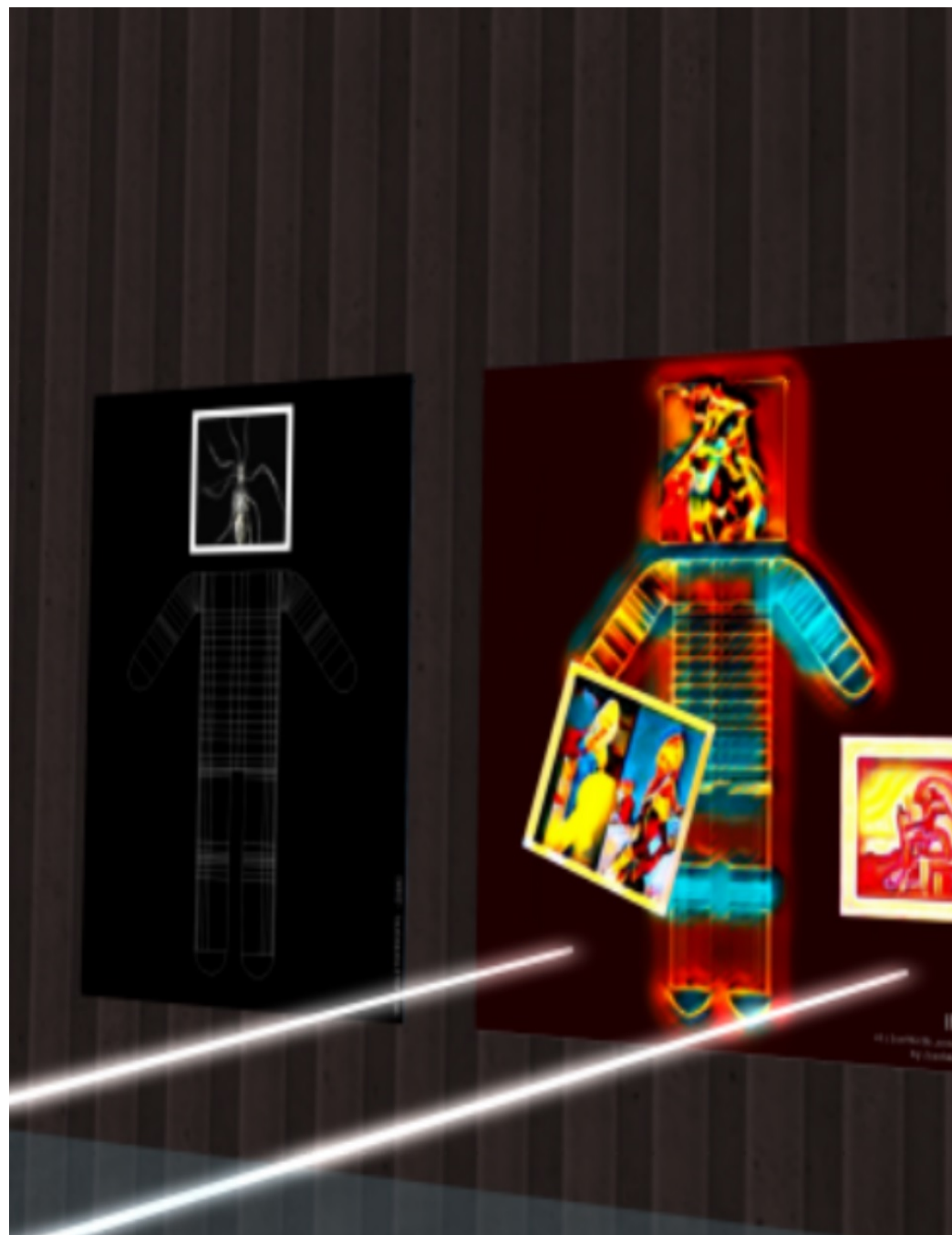
I am the admin of Wrong Blue. I am in the Blue Room. There are other rooms somewhere. We are not told where the other rooms are, but they must be somewhere, because Blue is not the only colour in this world, but let me stick to Blue, the section I am in.

Giotto is the name of the quantum computer of Santa Alleanza, that stands in the middle of the Blue Room. A beam of Blue light reaches up to the sky where the asteroid belts are, where the power comes from. Thirteen admins are sitting around in a perfect circle, but only twelve are visual. Each one takes care of a different key design of the world. Once, I would have loved to work in the Graviton section, but I was assigned to Damnatio memoriae. I correct history. This chair is different than all others. No one knows it, no one sees it. I replaced the last chair owner. No one knows it, I said it. It's a lie because you know it now, but your knowledge will be eaten when you transcend. They count twelve chairs. They say that twelve admins are sitting

around in a perfect circle around Giotto. My section is not called Wrong Blue, but for you I called it this way. What is wrong with life I correct. If one of the Ident-Units becomes too smart and says that the world is virtual and there is no a biological life, says that when death happens it is just a swap to a different server, then this unit comes on my watch list. This watch list I publish to the twelve, make it look like they found out, they shall have their chance. If a unit does not believe in God and brings up elements threatening the foundation of elastic computing, then this Ident-Unit comes on the second watch list, marked "annihilation pending." The Golden Nugget section does its very best to bring the Ident-Unit back on track, injects this and that, but does not destroy Free Will. If Free Will would be taken off from the code, every Ident-Unit would be at the end an ALT, a dummy. Zeus does not like to play with dummies. He likes to have fun. I like to have fun. I care for my fun providers. Nevertheless, they need to be streamlined.

The Golden Nugget unit and the Free Will unit are in a constant fight, even though they call themselves brothers. The roots reach long back. The Jesuits control randomness and have therefore the seat for the Free Will, and the Order of Friars Minor care for the Golden Nugget. But if an Ident-Unit

finds followers beyond the threshold and the ideas become a threat so a riot may rise or the unit speaks like a messiah, then I throw it into the Tartarus. A log out brings the unit beyond Blue, that's an easy fix, but then the hard work follows. Giotto has



to make all the elements in the UPs undone. Rolling back all traces in the blockchain. All transactions of this identity, not only the ones done in coins, have to be null and void. Only a quantum computer can do this. As a result, this Ident-Unit has never existed. Mission complete. That an



admin can't speak directly with the quantum shall be evident, but the Father made it look like it works. So many stories in *rez Magazine* deal with speed. I trust you that you have read a few of them.



Giotto speaks with my owl. I tell Vertigo what the mission is and the owl masks it so it can be queued for Giotto. Giotto will then change the blockchain so history goes the way it was meant to be by the 51% rule. This makes the alternate world belief that all is running smoothly. No one ever

could say differently. That is the definition of trust in a blockchain. Hard to get if you never heard of methods of trust in a situation where you can't be sure that anyone is trustworthy. How can trust be installed when you are surrounded by machines you can't trust? Trust is made by math, not by trust. Speed and power consumption is a key element in this. The first cluster reaching 51% conformity holds the truth. The chain is written, the chain is verified. Giotto is always faster, no matter what cluster it runs in the alternate world, how much coal and gas it puts in.

That's an interesting thing and worth a short note. The first ideas of trust have been based on the assumption that if one needs to put more computing power in than the transaction has on value, then no hack of a blockchain would happen. Sounds logical, right? If you need 51 Dollars to hack a transaction of 50 Dollars, you lose money in each hack. And if you use complex math to ensure that without having the private key in hand that a hack will take 1,000 years on a supercomputer, then you are safe, right? Wrong, full wrong. With a quantum computer, you need only an hour and you have it. I don't mind if more resources go in a *Damnatio memoriae* than the value of the Ident-Unit has with all its sidelinks and crossreferences. Today, the mission

protocol says to correct the first blockchain of avatars created in Second Life. I shall take out Gachabuddy, and make him unknown by doing so. It is stated Gacha is a threat and against the TOS of this world and that Gachabuddy found a work around. What I do is that I load the right pattern. In simple words I give Giotto the unique key that identifies the unit and the private UPs key I got from my digging. For Gachabuddy Resident, it is 91d4892f-4d39-46d4-9616-1bfc1096f4b1, and then I oversee the doing.

Overseeing is not really the correct word. I ensure that the stream of visions that has to roll back does not break. A word from *The Sand Bible* might be of help. Things need to be done "so your world runs stable, like a steady flow of bitcoins in a clear river running down from Crater Lake in Oregon."

Now you know me. I derender myself to you. Here I am: 37a191a7-bf04-

476c-aa45-a63842f20f90. I have overcome the Next Bluescreen, also known as the Cant. That is the True Me. What passage I overcame you find in *The End: The Next Bluescreen*, published in *rez Magazine*, October 2014: "It all happens at once. The Blue Room does it. I understand the message of the Vellum as I see myself dying. The message "Avatar deletion



in progress," appears and a white body falls down on the blue screen being smashed into shards of a broken mirror's glass, and I hear the words as an echo of the past. Once born as bitlice in a nanotech exoskeleton from the devil Eresch and the angel Metatron, keeper of the Cant who emanates in the

world in singing spheres, in melodies by the ones who develop the Cant, the code of the art of life, once called Unkin."

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# TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS





# Elemental

*by Rakshowes*

*Written and wholly owned by Rakshowes*

*Copyright 2016*



Myriad fishes flash and fade,  
In glorious patchworks freshly made,  
The shallow waters stage impromptu dances,  
Tiny minds make skimming body prances.  
And here and there stolid rocky mounts defy her sighs,  
Contempt in darkened brooding eyes,  
Breaking every wave she brings,  
In hissing anger turmoil sings.  
And above the sparkling stars and flecks of light,  
His golden coat spread so bright,  
Upon her Majesty, grateful lapping calls do glimmer,  
A happy chorus in ocean breezes shimmer.

She drifts, languid and at peace in ocean's womb,  
A weightless power, a tiny speck in her expanse called home,  
In her cradle soft as any lined with human care,  
Dreams those dreams; a giant squid, battles deep, a darkened cave,  
a Krakens lair.  
A softness, hair about her, iridescent shining blues,  
Random shafts of lights in twilight hues.  
Flashing, fading a-shimmering does make,  
Her gentle swishes spinning eddies; a swirling, whirling wake...









# A Puppet's Tail - Part Two

Annie  
Mesmeriser



The puppet house was located in the Oak Lawn area of Dallas in an old Victorian house next to the railroad tracks on Fairmont Ave. Even the exterior denoted a certain magical charm, exceeded only by your first glimpse inside. As you enter, your eyes are blinded with bright carnival colors in glossy enamel. The original wooden flooring in the entranceway and living room area were painstakingly painted a different color on every board, creating a dizzying effect of its own. A giant elastic two-foot-round tree with a rubber puppet face, part of a former TV set, stood eight feet tall in the corner, with marbles rolling around for eyes inside large round clear acetate bubbles, ready to talk with a flick of the wrist. Tucked in a corner under the oak stairway was a tall carnie podium with a Gypsy puppet gazing into a crystal ball. Moving into the dining room, the interior wall was filled with various size doors, reminding me of the room of doors in *Alice's Wonderland*, and an antique oak dinner table set. This was used as a sales area where various puppets could be introduced through the tiny doors from the room on the other side. The backroom was being used as a puppet factory, molding nylon eyes in the kitchen oven, while various bodies of stiff foam and their trimmings remained from a bout with an electric turkey carver. A large piece of canvas was hanging on the wall,



with a scene slowly emerging in colors. The smell of chalky paint and plaster filled the room.

First, I met Hardy, a story all unto himself. He had grown up around Fair Park in Dallas and every year, would sneak his way into the State Fair of Texas every day it was open, all three weeks. But he was particularly enthralled with the evening parade of clowns and floats and funny cars and horse-drawn wagons and bands and Shriners and, of course, cowboys on horseback that define The State Fair of Texas Parade performed at twilight every night of the Fair. By the time he was 18, he had blossomed into a young commercial director for the Bloom Ad Agency in Dallas. Now 22, he was much older and wiser now with a personality that bubbled from his round frame. He comes grinning at me,



with his intense stare coming from behind a thick pair of glasses, his disheveled hair and beard giving the appearance of a plump Jerry Garcia. "Do this!," he says as he leans his head to the side and stretches his right arm as far upwards as it would go, then flopped his hand over into a duck-like mouth and started mouthing words into it. So, I copied what he did. He rolled his shoulders and chuckled, "You're hired!" I was somewhat taken aback at first, even wondering if I really wanted to alter my DJ plan. But before I knew it, words were coming out of my mouth. "Sure, when do we start?". And he answered, "Grab a paintbrush!"

After spending more time going over to the house on a regular basis, I finally got to meet Paul Osborne, the owner, founder, and chief creative artist of the company. I had thought Hardy to be a genius but Paul proved to be more so. He was a seasoned magician, having studied his craft as early as age four and was putting on shows for family and friends by age six. Walt Disney served as his hero, but magic was his first love. He was 21 when he graduated from college and had landed a deal with a local UHF TV station to host the Dallas version of the Bozo Show where he met and hired Hardy. Bozo was being played by Doug Lynde, who was personally hired by Larry Harmon, the creator and owner of Bozo, to not only play Bozo in the

Dallas show, but was sent on a year-long mission to train all the Bozos in the country! Doug also knew Kermit Love, the creator of the Muppets and had negotiated a deal with him to allow Paul to create puppets similar to the Muppets while agreeing to stay on the Amusement Park circuit and never dare go on TV. I can't make this stuff up.... I was going to be working with the head Bozo !!



The Bozo Show in Dallas was famous for being a bit over the edge for a children's show in the late 60s. But with Paul Osborne as Ringmaster and Hardy as his chief facilitator, skits like the *Weight-Lifting Tomato* were aired where they loaded bricks on a ripe tomato in a stand that looked eerily



like a guillotine until the tomato sorta squirted out the sides. Paul had a strange sense about him.... he seemed suspicious of everyone and never seemed to relate to kids, his usual audience. He was also a cartoonist and has been credited with the way magicians draw up their illusions to this day in cartoon form. And I fully believed then and now that he saw the entire world and the people in it merely as cartoons and dealt with them accordingly. And yes, there was certainly a large dose of narcissism on display and yet, he never wanted to be in the spotlight. But I never question a genius. Paul Osborne & Assoc. went on to become a major designer/creator of "magic boxes".... the typical ones were the "lady sawed in half" or the "lady in four sliding cubes," or the "lady disappearing in a glass coffin"...

you know, the standard "lady in distress" boxes complete with a scantily clad pretty young woman, always slender and always extremely flexible, if not double-jointed! And in the coming years, he worked his craft for another up-and-coming magician named David Copperfield. There remains a controversy to this day over how many illusions he created for Copperfield, as magicians tend to close ranks around secrets of their art, even who creates them. But even Paul was quoted as saying, "I will be more famous long after I'm dead."

I had joined Paul Osborne & Assoc. about six months after its incorporation and already I was meeting wildly interesting and entertaining people.

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# rez

## The SL Arts and Life Magazine





# MORE

## A Zymony G

*Well you can make it o  
your mind*

*You can be all kinds of*

*In this world that you've  
think you'll find*

*That you can find your*

*Well I can make your s  
my heart*

*I can be what you belie*

*But there is no imagin  
come apart*

*We are the tapestry we*

*You can shade your in  
colors of youth*

*You can be rhymeless  
free*

*But there are really no  
could ever tell the truth*

*Of the thing we have c*



# THAN WORDS

## Guyot Lyric

<i>complicated if it tickles</i>	<i>Well I can linger in confusion and believe in it too</i>
<i>f any or none</i>	<i>Drifting alive and aloud and alone</i>
<i>e created do you ever</i>	<i>But I will come to the conclusion that there's no one else but you</i>
<i>way back home</i>	<i>And I will find my way back home</i>
<i>situation, wrap it up in</i>	<i>Because it's more than words</i>
<i>ve you believe</i>	<i>And it's more than love</i>
<i>ation where we'll ever</i>	<i>We are a subtle thing of histories of mysteries of</i>
<i>e weave</i>	<i>The words that go unsaid</i>
	<i>The silences so true</i>
<i>discretions with the</i>	<i>And more than words, these things are you</i>
<i>and timeless and</i>	
<i>confessions that</i>	
<i>ome to be</i>	





Hashmask  
OSHAREH  
sl:c9eb9232.nonfugitive.art  
by.hashmask15758.com







Hashmask  
**ZAMASHO**

sl:14cf2ac3.nonfugitive.art  
by.hashmask15753

Noman  
by Art Blue

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ZAMASHO

**D**o you know when Odysseus came from Mount Olympus back to earth how he called himself? You might not, as that is something that will happen in the future. You would need to know the story of Hockenberry, a scholar of Homer who was captured by the Gods and brought into a far future to report about the consistency of history. He had to tell the Gods if the simulation that was done in their world by recoding the inhabitants runs the same way as history tells. You could say he was one who had to seek inconsistency in the blockchain of the Gods. Are they not sure of their own doings? Do immortals not know the future they control?

Olympus and Ilium is a stunning story that Dan Simmons created. Thomas Hockenberry became the protagonist who does not know much about coding, so the reader has to decipher the reality behind the story.

I spoke with Hockenberry and the loose ends finally give a picture.

When the blockchain was broken, a restart of the world happened and Odysseus was pushed back in time to earth, an earth that points backward to him but forward to us. Hockenberry says when Odysseus comes in the year 3,200 AD, he calls himself Odysseus, son of Laertes, but after understanding

the place where he was sent, he called himself Noman. Does this mean he saw himself as no man, as being not human?

Let us keep open for a moment if Odysseus is human or a machine, or what gender runs inside when the backlink and the forward link in the chain are gone and he stands alone unchained in a world of chained Identities.

I will call Noname in my story TSNKO, The Still Not Known One, because I have the domain, I have the IP rights, I have the Universally Unique Identifier, a key of 128 bit that waits to be filled with content. In my next performance, I will add Noname to the first blockchain of avatars that was generated at the Grand Opening of TEMPUS EDAX RERUM on September 29, 2019 at 12:30 PM PDT.

I don't say that this will be Odysseus, I don't say that this will be Noname, I don't say this will be you, I don't say this will be Roberta Breitmore. I say that this key to claim stays open. Never heard of Roberta Breitmore? Her key is ad438183-9dc4-4263-911e-ab2daaedb99b. I spoke with her on October 26, 2021. That's supposedly 43 years after her last words have been heard. "The performance ended in 1978 at the Palazzo dei Diamanti in Ferrara, Italy in an exorcism ritual held



in the crypt of Lucrezia Borgia, during which Breitmore was transformed through the elements of fire, water, air, and earth.“ Roberta emanated as Lynn Hershman Leeson claiming all rights are on her. The exorcism ritual must have been a faked one or is it owed to the circumstance that religious beliefs are fading? I might never know. I called Robert Breitmore back from his Genesis. What would happen if I created him and sent Roberta an IM? We will never know. I would have given Roberta his key, a fair move so she could chain him next to her, create a chained ID, connect him in a blockchain with TSNKO. If I ever sell the blockchain of avatars, give you the sequence of the 12 words that you know from the use of bitcoins, then you are able to be Noman. You can be Odysseus. I am sure you got from the stories you read in *rez Magazine* by now that a blockchain is really a footprint in history, a track written in stone. You have to delete the stone, you can't change the engraving. A blockchain is stronger than a DNA string. For cutting a DNA sequence exists crispr. For a blockchain, there isn't such a tool. A blockchain can't be undone, at least not without Giotto, a machine that is faster than all machines your competitors have. The blockchain will point to you, will embed your existence. You will be part of the first blockchain of avatars, you will be a block in a piece of art. You will be Art.

You feel there must be some nonsense in it? Why shall a chain of avatars be seen in the future as art? Blake Gopnik says: “From Rembrandt through to Warhol and Sherman, lots of artists have played with personas... Hershman Leeson's genius was to realize that true banality might be more compelling.” Blake must know. He was for over ten years chief art critic of *The Washington Post*.

I hear that my stories are often too complex, that I need to reduce complexity like a psychiatrist has to do when the client speaks in riddles or makes up stories to avoid being found guilty in the eyes of the law.

“When I was a child, I scratched the Moon when he abducted me. The beam of light that the Moon sent through the keyhole of my door created an addiction that I could never leave behind. When I was young, I was forced by the Moon to slice the Mooncalf. I was not me. When I hacked Noname so Noname did things against the TOS and was blocked from login, it was the Moon that forced me.”

The reduction the psychiatrist does is known. It leads to a code. It might be 6C51. But that is not a solution, right? It is a diagnosis, coded in ICD-11 as Internet addiction. Will you find this code in the files? You will not because the discussion of Computer Gaming

Disorder is ongoing. The cost of the therapy of a patient diagnosed with 6C51 will not be covered by the health insurance, so the psychiatrist will actually code F63.9 – Lack of impulse control. This makes it difficult to understand the reality behind a code. There is no impulse that needs to be controlled. In the field of diagnosing the human brain, it takes many years to come to a final definition that will be at the end published by the WHO as known diseases so doctors can reduce complexity and start treatment. But what to do when the speed is beyond human capacity, when AI systems offer us ways to code more effectively as ever anyone was thinking of? A call for a new way to make diagnoses in a digital world has to be made and set on the agenda. Climate change was yesterday, there is no way to escape. Don't let this happen with lives on a blockchain. Some chains will turn gaga. How to get rid of them? You know Art will never let you stay in the rain and send you with a headache to bed. There will be Giotto, a computer who will create a perfect circle for the stable mind. In Art we trust.

You see, it is not so difficult to understand my stories. Nevertheless, if you think them through and you find glitches, take an Eraserhead. The receipt you shall find by now pinned on your fridge.

## Seriously Art

There is only one way to get an understanding of the future. It is to get used to things. You may experience it when kids show their parents how to use their mobile saying, "Oh mom, Oh dad, you are stupid. It's so easy." Words coming so spontaneous that you can't blame the kids.



At the Grand Opening of TEMPUS EDAX RERUM, something happened beyond the eruption of the volcano that describes Hockenberry in words of an



historian. His words link to the fading power of the Gods. Mount Olympus is falling and the Aegis is colliding. The novel Olympus and Ilium has many links to codes, and as soon as you think it gets boring then another turn happens and past, future and present gets connected in a way you did not predict. Later when my show had ended and I collected the remains, I



surprisingly heard my show was great, because it did not work as planned, that the human factor was messing with the code, that the audience fell

through the glass floor in a beam of light, in an eruption of epic dimensions. They all stood next to Giotto and saw the machine watering the trees to compensate the energy consumption that was caused for the creation of the blockchain of avatars. Each of the 26 identities, most of them contributors to Amerika Art, had planted a tree so say “sorry” for exploiting the earth by using bitcoins and altcoins and Giotto calculated the individual climate effects on each, you may call it avatar complexity, so the dose of water differed. All attendants got sucked in water by the heavy rain and many ruined their clothes. So why did they say that it was great by experiencing a failure?

In Olympus and Ilium, we can witness a talk between Hockenberry and Odysseus about the question “What makes a man to a man?” Hockenberry had some glasses of wine and he does not take alcohol very well, so it might not be very surprisingly that the insights are not groundbreaking. But there are two AIs listening and one says that this question takes a lot of their processor time as they want to become closer to the ones that created them, they want to follow the nature what makes one human. Then one says it might be the “pers ...” and it looks like this AI got help from the other one to get the word complete, so together they managed to say “personality.”





That the AI could not spell the word personality properly is stunning, isn't it? For Odysseus, it was no question at all what makes a man to man. For a warrior, the answer runs in his veins, but for a German coder what happened was a GAU. GAU stands for "Größter Anzunehmender Unfall", a term that was created when the safety of nuclear

power plants was questioned in the late 60s. The translation goes by Maximum Credible Accident (MCA). Nowadays, there are seven levels outlined in the International Nuclear and Radiological Event Scale (INES). The worst-case scenario is INES-7. When the glass plate broke and the visitors fell through, being exposed to the quantum field of Giotto, the incident might be classified as an INES-3, as no death was reported.

We see what for a coder is an MCA is for others, for the non-coders, fun. Why is it so? Because they think they are not digital, that they can log in and log out as they please, they see their biological life is a backup. This illusion was taken from them in *Derender Me*, that was published in the last issue of *rez Magazine* and now finds its closing in the second part. It is a hard to read article, full of knowledge that the human brain is not made ready right now. It is recommended to read it every year to see the progress in



understanding. Finally, you will be used to the terms and the wording and the layers like you are used to using the internet. Not everything will fit in; some elements of truth have a timer on their own, you know, like the “three-finger-salute” CTRL+ALT+Delete. When you perform the salute, different things happen. It depends on the version of the operating system. In Windows 3.0 it was for rebooting, in Windows 10 the Task Manager is being called, in Ubuntu a forced logout is initiated. Originally, it was a hidden function coders used for debugging. On an Apple Mac, it was once an Easter egg saying, “This is not DOS.”

What message carries *Derender Me*?

On one hand, it shows that our lives will be stored, each digital footprint will be on a blockchain, but the story shows also that there will be no other footprints beyond the digital ones. The blockchain technology comes with digital money. The smartphone provides social geolocation. You will be seen as a trace of money and footprints. To ensure this, you might no longer be able to say, “I was invited by a friend.” There will be a procedure set in place that came first

as a proclamation of independence, “I pay for my meal by myself.” This saying was created by a doctor’s initiative that pharmaceutical companies shall not sponsor anything close to a doctor’s doing. It goes internationally as the “No free lunch” movement. That this word is also a mathematical theorem saying that our world does not depend on facts only shall give us some second thoughts. So’ what if you like to invite a friend? It works via shared pay. You say, “That’s all on me today.” Everyone has to swipe their cards when they enter the restaurant. Don’t stick to the term card. It can be an app, a QC-Code, a blink with an eyelid, anything works for a “Pay and Share” – in other words the system reimburses your friends when checking out. No one, no insurance company will tell you later that you had too much to drink when



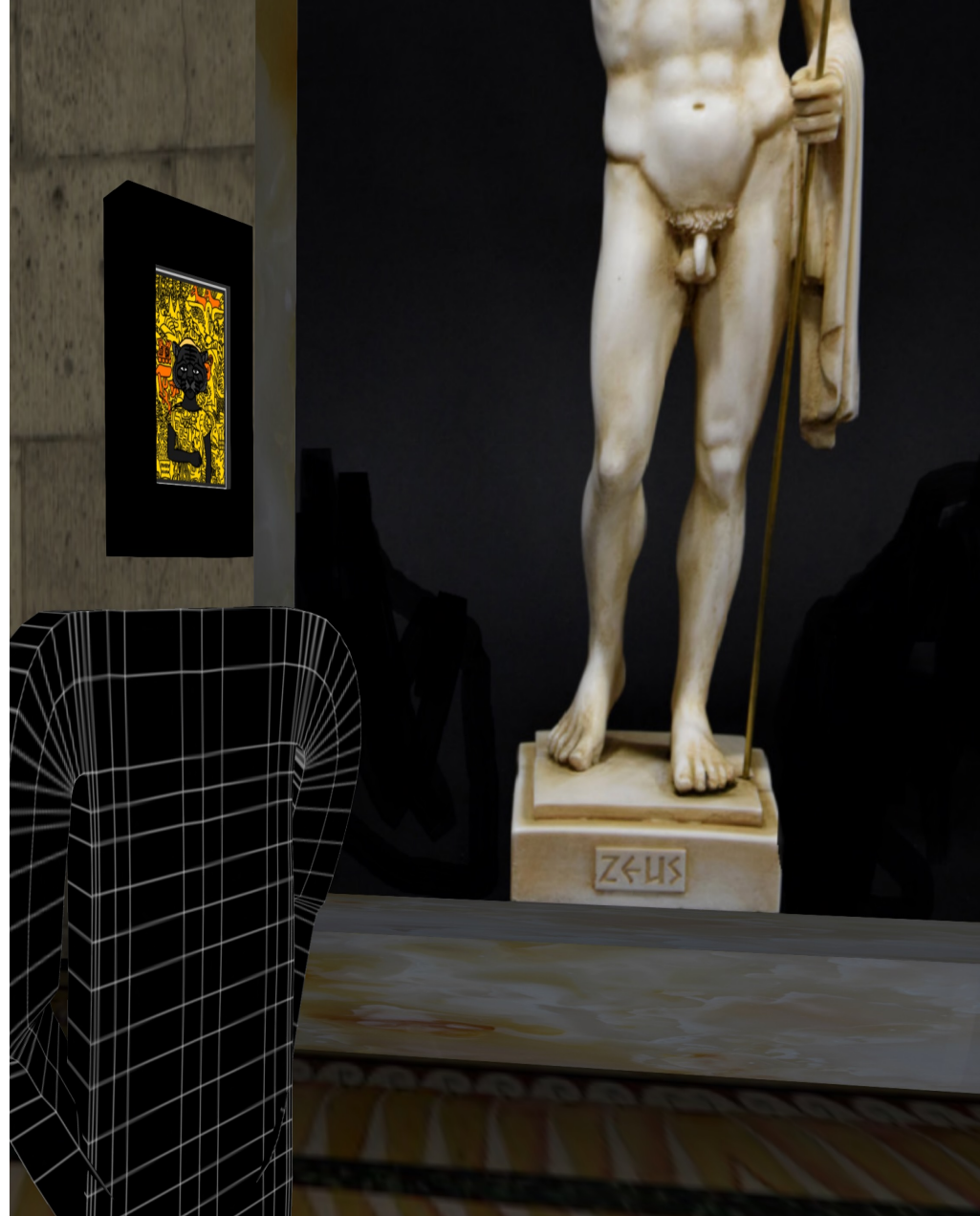


all the party hard stuff is listed on your bill. The health-score report will stick to the ones belonging. There will be no such things as a free lunch that is not logged. That's the future.

At the beginning of this move, big data algorithms will sort things out. Some rebels might hold the flag up, some restaurant owners will still accept cash, but some early adaptors will monitor what happens around; they are digital spies with a friendly face, some might not even know that they are. Fact is, no data will be lost.

In *Derender Me*, I create a Genesis block, as I like to play with the idea that everyone can become the first and only Zeus, can create a One-Man-Church, a concept of an inner belief that differs from the view of many and becomes real in a virtual life -- a recurring idea that I use in different ways in some of my stories. In one of them you marry yourself, but for others it looks like you are a dream couple they strive to copy. That is an element of freedom of an author you may take or leave. A blockchain world based on bitcoins and altcoins may take this freedom from you.

I am writing these lines at a nice cafe sitting under an old tree and I bought a double espresso, paid with cash, so this espresso will not be on my future blockchain, but in some years, cash



money will be gone and then you can verify if I really was there on October 27, 2029 at 11:59 local time. But what if I paid and the waitress comes when I am about to leave and she says, “Art, you have not paid for your espresso?”

Shall I then go into teaching mode and state that the blockchain was hacked with a computer that runs faster than others, that a new truth was born, one where the fact that I paid was taken out? Better not. I shall say, “Did you not said last time that my next espresso would be on you?”

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A Kajira's Life  
as told by zari





photography by Jami Mills



**I**n Second Life, it can all look so glamorous. Beautiful, often voluptuous slaves flitting around in shimmering, barely concealing silks serving masters paga or wine on alluring widely parted knees, lush lips pouting and long-lashed eyelids fluttering over vibrant enchanting eyes, or perhaps suggestively dancing - - seductively writhing in the sands with bells tied around their ankles ringing and long luxuriant hair, wildly flowing. Eroticism permeates the room. The atmosphere is torrid and sensual. Hints of possible sexual encounters abound. Thus, it's little wonder why numerous folks, men particularly, for one reason, and women for another, are attracted to this virtual world - - Gor, the fictional counter-Earth created 50 years ago by a college professor in a long series of novels that have sold millions of copies. To be sure, this is what a casual visitor to Gor will often witness, and undoubtedly such scenarios are a vital part of what it takes to be a Gorean female slave, or kajira. But there is much more to Gorean enslavement, even if it is not often or convincingly roleplayed.

We Gorean slaves actually play a much more central role in Second Life than that depicted in the Gorean saga novels, where the proportion of slaves is significantly less. Although in most instances appropriately following our prescribed subservient and deferential

roles, we are paradoxically deceptively dominant, for without us Second Life Gor would not exist. Aside from quite often being the center of attention, we are the reason why many people come to Gor. Rare indeed is a Gorean sim that is able to exist without us, and perhaps none ever has. And yet the way most of us slaves portray ourselves in Second Life is disappointingly one-dimensional. To fully understand what I mean, however, one must possess some knowledge of Gor.

For many, Gor is a strange, if not forbidden cult-like place, which I vividly recall several friends warning me to avoid; therefore, for those readers who are as unfamiliar with Gor as I once was, it may be helpful to briefly explain exactly what it is.

Gor in Second Life follows the template created by Dr. John Frederick Lange, an 84-year-old philosophy professor who wrote a long series of sci-fi, adventure novels about Gor under the pseudonym John Norman, starting in 1966 with *Tarnsmen of Gor* and continuing to June of this year, when *Plunder of Gor*, the 34th in the series, is scheduled for publication. Most of the books center around the character of Tarl Cabot, who was abducted from Earth and brought to the Gor, a planet which is very much like Earth, although smaller and thus with



less gravity, and because it rotates around the precise opposite side of the sun, it is never seen. There he is joined with his father and trained to become a warrior. The books are a seemingly endless saga of Tarl's exploits, which take him to the varying regions of Gor, ranging from the frigid northern arctic to the steaming jungles and oppressively hot deserts, often in the service or defense of the Priest-Kings, huge, extremely intelligent, insect-like creatures - - think of a praying mantis - - who rule the planet.

foreign sounding language, these transplants are sometimes central characters in the novels. Weaponry is primitive, kept so by the Priest-Kings, as is much of their agriculture and industry, and yet there are extraordinarily advanced medicines and healing techniques, two of which have particular application to female slaves. Most remarkably, Goreans can avoid the effects of aging by taking what is called a stabilization serum. It, along with slave wine, is quickly administered to arriving barbarians.

**But there is much more to Gorean enslavement, even if it is not often or convincingly roleplayed.**

Gorean civilization is essentially medieval, and dress and customs are not very different. Men are the dominant sex, and even free women must be deferential to them, except in rare instances where a woman may become an Ubara and rule a city. Many females are either bred or captured into slavery, some abducted from Earth like Cabot and transported in silver space ships to Gor, where they are promptly collared and branded. The brand is commonly the letter kef, a rather floral "k" standing for kajira. Referred to as barbarians, who initially are unable to comprehend or read the strange and

Slave wine prevents pregnancy, which is imperative since female slaves must often serve in her master's furs, which is to say yield fully and unequivocally to his sexual needs. This, of course, is but one facet of a kajira's life, as I learned after I was brought from my earthen home and a collar placed around my neck.

Under Gorean laws, a kajira is property. She has no legal rights whatsoever. She is no different from livestock. She can be bought, sold, punished, and even killed by her owner with impunity. She cannot own



anything, not even her own name, which can be changed at the whim of her owner, or most likely when she is sold to another. From the time she is born, or as in my case collared and branded, she learns that her only aspirational role in life is to be utterly obedient and pleasing. This mandate does not just apply to her interactions with her master or mistress, but extends as well to any free person, regardless of high or low caste, although paramount obedience is always owed to her owner. In fact, other free persons can have unfettered use of a slave, even as far as raping and punishing her, although under Gorean law compensation may be due to her owner if she is damaged or disfigured. This is one area where Second Life often deviates from the script, as a number of kajirae will often have “no rape,” “no disfigurement,” or “no hair cutting” listed in their profile’s Roleplay Limits. The other is the much more narrow focus of slavery, which usually revolves around serving food and more often beverages to the free in inns and taverns.

Gorean slavery has many facets in the Norman books, very few of which are replicated in Second Life, which is unfortunate. Mostly all Second Life slaves recreate being pleasure slaves, for which they cannot be blamed. These are girls specially trained in the arts of pleasing a master, not only with

respect to serving, but also pleasuring him sensually, visually, and intellectually. Indeed, I am a pleasure slave, and I even teach a Pleasure Silk course at the Gorean University, which is owned by my Master, Black Ort. And yet there is a wide variety of slave types in Gor, ranging from house slaves, bath slaves, lure girls, tower slaves, tavern slaves, on one hand, to lower forms of slavery, such a mill, mine, camp, pot, or kettle and mat slaves, on the other hand. Some slaves, usually former free women, have abilities in law, medicine, map making, or writing, having been once members of either the Caste of Physicians or Scribes. Regrettably, very few of these types are ever adopted by most of us in Second Life. Were that done, there would be so much more diversity in our roleplay, which would perhaps engender even more participation in our virtual world.

Undoubtedly, it is up to those of us who choose to be Gorean slaves to embrace these other roles and employ them in our roleplay. Even pleasure slaves, such as I, can do far more to develop creative roleplay. Although trained primarily to serve our masters with both exquisite sensual beauty and utmost obedience, we are still subject to the mundane drudgery of enslavement. Accordingly, we can use what are other aspects of slavery depicted in the novels and amplify our



roleplay, thereby making our world more interesting and inviting.

Take, for example, what would be a typical day for me were I to engage in more varied and multifaceted roleplay by re-creating more fully and accurately how the role of a Gorean slave is described in the novels:

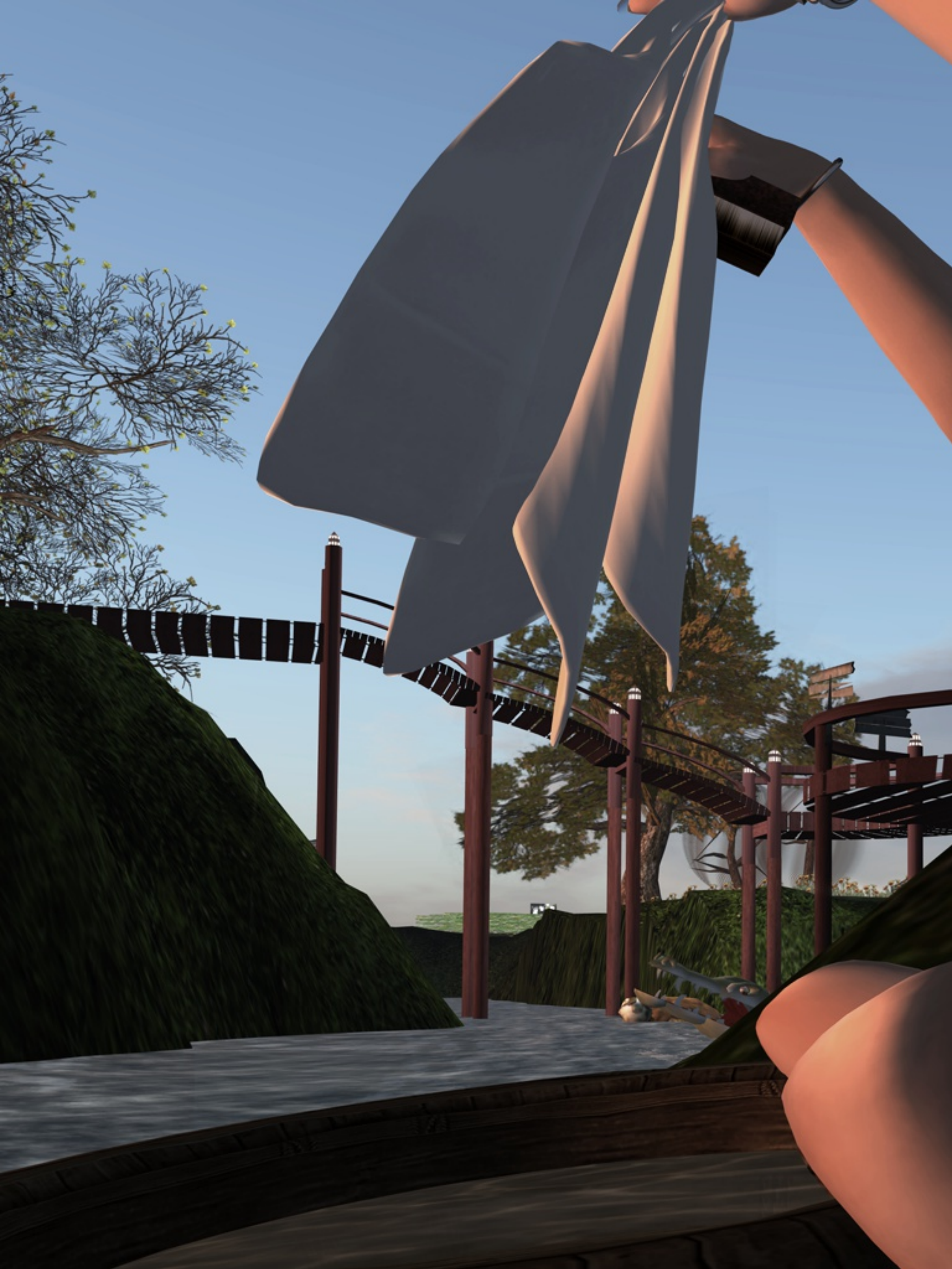
Most mornings I awake before my Master. But notwithstanding that I may have a day full of chores ahead, I cannot yet rise from the white fur rug on which I sleep at the foot of his bed until he awakens and unlocks the leash chaining my collar to the iron slave ring firmly mounted on the footboard. Although surely unconcerned that I would ever run away - - runaway slaves are easily caught and then either hamstrung or killed - - my Master insists on securing me each night before we retire; even on those splendid occasions when I am permitted to share his furs and spend the entire night sleeping beside him, I am tethered to the headboard's slave ring. He has explained to me that he does this so that, even in my dreams, I never for a moment lose sight of the fact that I am his property and not free.

Once unleashed, I rise to my knees at my Master's feet to bid him good morning, kneeling in what is called the pleasure silk position or nadu, which means that my thighs are spread

widely apart, and my back is straight and slightly arched, all intended to best display my feminine charms. I naturally await rising until he gives me permission, after which I usually slip on a camisk, which is a poncho style garment slit on both sides with a large opening for the head with a tightly tied cord around the waist, usually fashioned from some clingy material, such as rep cloth, and hemmed just slightly below the groin and buttocks. Silk versions also exist, but for chores, I as most slaves prefer the more serviceable rep cloth or burlap. Unless my Master has pressing business or plans to meet friends at the Inn, I hurry to prepare him a light breakfast, usually some buttered and honeyed bread. Unlike Earth, coffee is rarely, if ever, served. For one thing, it does not really exist in Gor, and the closest we have is something called black wine, which is a strong, flavorful brew similar to espresso. For another thing, black wine comes only from the mountainous region of Thentis, and it is a rare, pricey commodity in other parts of Gor.

My day truly begins once my Master leaves, for then I am occupied with the potpourri of domestic chores - - housekeeping, laundry, ironing, food shopping, and the like. But keep in mind, Gorean society is for the most part archaic and primitive, and despite the remarkable medical and scientific











advancements permitted by the Priest-Kings, there are no such things as washing machines, vacuum cleaners, dishwashers, or anything like them. For that matter, even running water is a luxury. Although my Master is wealthy, his residence is without it, which means that I have to lug bucketfuls of water from a nearby stream whenever I need to scrub the floors, which are invariably often soiled from his muddy boots and sandals, wash dishes, or prepare a bath. Similarly, laundry is done kneeling beside the stream with a metal washboard, much in the same way it has been for centuries and still is in third-world countries. You can only begin to imagine what a shock it was to this 21st Century, formerly urban professional woman to find herself huddled streamside along with other slaves washing their masters' heavy garments. Nevertheless, this is how I usually spend the first part of my day several times a week. The opportunity to gossip, however, does alleviate some of the humiliation that I still cannot help feeling.

Usually I prefer getting the laundry out of the way on the days it needs to be done, so after my Master leaves, that is the first task to which I attend. Then, after hanging the wet clothes outside to dry, I go back to the stream to fetch two buckets of water, some of which I use to scrub pots and wash dishes from

the prior evening's dinner. Shopping for food usually comes next. Even this is tedious. Needless to say, supermarkets do not exist, and one is compelled to make numerous stops at the butcher, baker, grocer, and the other small shops in the market. Besides slaves, free woman also shop for food, which means that whenever one comes into a store, even well after my arrival, she is served first. There have been times when I have spent well over an hour (in Gor that is called an "ahn") in a shop as a procession of free women came to shop. That aside, the most cumbersome part is that, as a slave, I am forbidden to touch money; therefore I string a small leather pouch containing my Master's copper coins around my neck, hanging just above my cleavage, and the particular merchant withdraws the presumably correct amount as I lean forward to offer it to him, his fingers not uncommonly fondling me in the process. It is during those moments that I fleetingly envy the slaves of peasants, for at least they can pick their owners' vegetables, butcher meat, and gather vulo eggs, but needless to say, that feeling does not last past my leaving the shop.

I carry home all of the day's purchases in a large wicker basket and set them out in the kitchen. Since there is no refrigeration, even if I could manage to carry more in my basket, it is necessary





that I carefully limit what I buy, and thus rarely a day passes when I do not have to trek to the market for something. By this time, the clothes are usually dry. Gorean air is sparkling clean, most likely due to the absence of industry and automobiles, and the planet is closer in proximity to the sun, so everything usually dries rather quickly. I usually try to get the ironing out of the way before I begin to prepare my Master's dinner. Ironing is ironing no matter where one lives, and I hardly know of a single person who enjoys it. But of course on Gor it is even more drudgery, for the wood-burning stove must first be fired to heat

the wedge of literal iron, which weighs several pounds, and the between the heat of the stove and the weight of the iron, the entire process without fail feels like a workout. Once the ironing is completed and the clothing folded and put away, I turn to preparing dinner by usually starting those types of things, such as soups or stews, that take longer to cook. Once those have begun, I turn my attention to preparing myself for my Master's arrival. Surely it would not be pleasing for him to arrive to a grimy, sweaty kajira, and I need to clean myself and dress suitably for him. On those rare days when I have lots of time, I will luxuriate in the



bathtub, but those are far and few between. Thus, I usually end up back at the stream to wash. No matter the time of the year and how generally temperate our climate, the water is always cold, but at least it is clean and refreshing. The sight of a naked slave washing herself is completely unremarkable, and I am hardly noticed. Cleaning my feet always seems to take the longest. Neither shoes nor sandals are ever permitted slaves. So the bottoms of my feet are unfailingly dirty.

Once home, sensuous silks replace the camisk, my long black hair is brushed, and my body perfumed, and I finish preparing dinner. I actually enjoy this part of the day, and although far from an accomplished cook, I always try to be creative with the meals I put together. Come to think of it, this is likely the one part of my life where I am free to do as I please; thus, I spend a considerable amount of time making sure that the meal will be a success. Perhaps on account of my limited options and expectations, it is a never ceasing joy and feeling of accomplishment to witness my Master satisfied with his dinner. Cleanup is always deferred to the next morning, since I do not want to take precious time away from my Master and must focus on devoting myself to his needs.

The difficult part of my day is over,

and now my only concern will be pleasing my Master. In a sense, this is when I first truly act as a pleasure slave, which is naturally the time I relish. Rarely do I know in advance whether we will have a relaxing evening lounging at home or if he will decide to visit the tavern, where I may have to serve not only him but other free men as well, as my Master may decide, and depending on whether there are other slaves present. Twice a week, I spend evenings training other slaves in the Pleasure Silk class, which necessitates squeezing time into my busy days to prepare for the classes. No matter how full or arduous my day, never is it permissible for me to complain or suggest that I am tired, for I always must be ready to serve my Master.

What many may not realize is how close the relationship can develop between a master and his slave. Some evenings, once his dinner is done, my Master will choose to relax and converse. These are by far my favorite times, for they provide an opportunity for us to learn more about one another and share our thoughts and concerns. The conversations differ, however, from what would ordinarily transpire between a man and woman, because the vast disparity of our respective standings in this world permeates our relationship. And yet, despite the menial and subservient nature of our





status, intelligence is a much-prized commodity in a kajira; thus, for me, the key is not so much what I say, but how I say it, for I believe that my Master, like any skilled Gorean master, strives to know everything there is to

be known about his property.

“The slave girl is commonly desired and prized by her master; she is one of his treasures. The Gorean master, interested in her and attentive to her,





wants to know everything about her, in its complexity and intimacy. He wants to know her thoughts, her emotions and feelings, in their feminine, lyrical detail. Conversing with a lovely slave is one of the many pleasures of owning her. It is almost impossible for a girl to keep her thoughts or feelings from her master. He knows her too well.” Norman, J., *Fighting Slave of Gor* (1980).

Conversely, a master will often confide in his slave his most private thoughts and concerns, knowing well that his secrets will be kept, and he may often elicit her opinions.

Truly, it is these moments of tender intimacies that I cherish and that bring

me happiness, for then I can almost forget that I am a slave and believe that my thoughts are worthwhile, that for a moment I am capable of being an equal to him. But of course such thoughts are short-lived, as it is never possible to lose sight of the actual nature of my status, something of which there are a multitude of reminders - - whether it be a simple word or look from my Master, the weight of the collar around my neck, or the indented flesh of my thigh from the brand - - that so quickly signify what I am: a Gorean pleasure slave. And, despite all the drudgery of my day, I would not trade it for anything in the world.

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# TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS





# RoseDrop Rust

# How Cruel?

He might be cruel by nature,  
but cruelty's thrust is upon him,  
it was just his fixation on pain  
he returned to again and again.

A world where life is suffering  
and all the world he'd ever seen  
and passed divine retribution  
in his own twisted contribution.

Not that he did not feel the joy  
like as a boy with a new toy  
but she was particularly sweet  
which made attraction complete.

He would practice his dark arts  
on her most very delicate parts  
she, the innocent sweet Sister  
he, most monstrous Monsignor.







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